

VOL. VI.

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BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sixth Street, a few doors south of Penn. Avenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Et je prends une voix de joueurs de harpes, un touchant leurs harpes, et qui chantaient comme un antique nouveau devant le trône."

FIRST VOICE.

When I first came, that hand in hand, We stood at the gates of that holy land, Where joy is a deep and unfathomable river, And the light of the world is a star.

SECOND VOICE.

As we stood—As I gazed on thee— As we heard the deep song of Eternity! That strain which speaks with a ceaseless tone Of glory revealed to the pure alone—

THIRD VOICE.

When I first came, that hand in hand, We stood at the gates of that holy land, Where joy is a deep and unfathomable river, And the light of the world is a star.

FOURTH VOICE.

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FIFTH VOICE.

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SIXTH VOICE.

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SEVENTH VOICE.

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EIGHTH VOICE.

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NINTH VOICE.

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TENTH VOICE.

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ELEVENTH VOICE.

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TWELFTH VOICE.

When I first came, that hand in hand, We stood at the gates of that holy land, Where joy is a deep and unfathomable river, And the light of the world is a star.

THIRTEENTH VOICE.

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FOURTEENTH VOICE.

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In knitting and sewing, and the common branches of a good English education. These children make and mend their own clothes, and do very creditably a considerable amount of work, furnished by friends and patrons. There is also a class engaged in weaving Valenciennes lace, of a beautiful quality, under a French teacher. The pupils all dine at the establishment, and take their certain portion of bread at night. Before leaving, they are required to take off the school-clothing and to put on their own, as in most cases, it would not be safe to allow them to return to their miserable homes and wretched families in a dress which could be pawned, or sold, for meat, potatoes, or whiskey.

A very thorough and yet attractive system of instruction has been adopted in this school, and is carried out with the utmost faithfulness by the self-sacrificing and earnest-hearted teachers. I know not which interested me most pleasantly—the cheerful energy and enthusiasm of the intelligent and lady-like principal, or the quiet industry, the aptitude and the bright, happy, grateful traits of the pupils. I must not forget to mention that in this excellent work Catholics and Protestants, the benevolent and liberal of all parties and sects, are united, and that the entire cost of its sustenance does not exceed four hundred pounds a year.

The country around Belfast is finely cultivated and exceedingly picturesque. I have rare pleasure in driving about, with my friends, on an easy outside car—a vehicle, by the way, to which I have become especially partial—and visiting places of remarkable beauty or interest. One of our drives was to the Giant's Ring, an immense Druidical amphitheatre, enclosed by a high, regular mound, with the mystic number of seven openings, and containing a rude cairn, supposed to have been used as an altar for human sacrifices by "the priests of the bloody truth." It is also supposed that the mound was once high enough to shut out all views, save that of the heaven above. The place is utterly without interest, shrubbery, yet no deeper valley, dark and cold with forest and mountain shadows, ever wore to me a more lonesome, desolate, and solemn aspect. I shivered and shrank with a vague sense of mystery and fear, as I strove to send my soul back through the Christian ages, into the far, far, barbaric centuries, to the dark, gloomy, and terrible past.

We made a pleasant excursion one day, lately, to the ruins of Shane's Castle, the ancient palace and stronghold of the princely O'Neills, and to Antrim Castle, the residence of Lord Massereene. Shane's Castle is a noble ruin, surrounded by fine old trees and extensive grounds, and is situated on a hill, with a view of the sea and the mountains of the north.

My visit to Belfast has been a delicious time of repose and refreshment for a wearied frame, and an over-excited mind, and of gentle ministrations, consolation, and sustenance, to a heart that has been sorely tried and sorely tried.

I have been staying at the house of Mr. R. N. N., two members of whose large and interesting family I had the good fortune to know in America. I find in all these dear friends true companionship, not social nor even intellectual only, but moral. Their hearts keep me true to the Christian way of life, and their progress which for years have engaged the deepest sympathies of my nature. Throughout this pleasant season of familiar intercourse, I have never heard a false sentiment, a cold, worldly aphorism, a sarcasm, or an inconsiderate jest, nor from the beautiful girls, the children, nor from the beautiful girls, the children, nor from the beautiful girls, the children.

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As an example, I give you an advertisement, cut from their organ, "The Freeman's Journal": "Saint James's New Church. On Tuesday, the 24th instant, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by other Prelates, will solemnly dedicate this magnificent church."

The Dedication Service will be preached by the Rev. Henry E. Manning, (late Archdeacon in the Protestant Church.)

On this occasion, this distinguished convert and gifted orator will deliver his first discourse in Ireland.

The ceremony will conclude with a Grand Pontifical High Mass.

A grand orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. Keane.

Reserved seats, £1; family tickets, £1 10s; nave, 10s, side, 5s.

To be had at Richardson's, 9 Chapel Street; Duffy's, 7 Wellington Quay; Bell's, 79 Grafton Street; and from the clergymen of St. James's Church.

This reminds me of an anecdote related to me, by a pleasant London friend, a clever bit of satire aimed at the English Church. On the Sunday preceding the great musical festival at Manchester, in 1836, the Rev. J. Gadsby, a Baptist minister of great talent and singularity, preached a sermon of which he had previously given notice, on the subject of the festival. At that time, the musical festivals were of a very mixed character—oratorios in the churches in the morning, with balls and concerts in the theatres in the evening—all being for the benefit of public charities. Mr. Gadsby commenced his sermon by saying, "My friends, there is to be a grand wedding this week, and as I think it improper and illegal, I intend to protest against it, and I hope that none of my congregation will assist in it with their presence. The church and the playhouse have been counting these many years, and this week they are to be married. The first objection which I make to the union is, the parties are too near of kin."

To-morrow, I leave, with some kind Irish friends, for a short tour to Scotland. I don't know what my pulses will throb with unutterable emotion, when I tread the land of Scott and Burns—that my soul will be thronged by glorious memories, and my sense of beauty and sublimity be almost drunken with the "divine excess" of rapt delight; but my love I leave with Ireland, the land of warm, quick blood, and of faithful though careless hearts—the land of hospitality and quaint humor, of passion and poetry, of wit and melancholy, of laughter and tears.

Adieu to thee, and to thee—the near and the far, yet both dear and kindred to my heart. GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER FROM PETER SCHLEIMH.

We have reason to believe that following to be a veritable letter to the unknown Peter Schleimh; and that it may be unknown by all our readers, we shall make a few remarks by way of explanation.

The Mr. John Brown spoken of is no ghost, but the living sexton of Grace Church, at the head of Broadway, in New York. Soon after this magnificent edifice was opened, Mr. Brown, in order that his sign should be "something neat and cheerful" (a favorite phrase of his when speaking of things in high life, got up under his immediate superintendence—for, like his illustrious predecessor, Caleb Quoten, his occupations are various), he gave an order for an heraldic escutcheon, on which was to be emblazoned his name, office, and residence; and to make the sign more conspicuous, Mr. Brown, who has a taste in all such matters, thought proper to have a bar put upon the shield, which the artist painted a bar-sinister; and as Mr. Brown is a leader, in more sense than one, in the circles up town, the fashion of bar-sinisters has become general—adopted by those who are so ignorant in matters of heraldry, at least, as not to know the difference between right and left. It was while this herald was up, that Mr. Schleimh, who was at that time a visitor in the city, saw this symbol of bereavement, and believed that poor Mr. Brown, who had looked with complacency into the yawning graves of his patrons, had now himself joined them in their last sleep; and indeed this was the general impression in the city, and was so spoken of in the papers. This will explain Peter's impression that he had seen the ghost of Mr. John Brown. This sign, or herald, was taken down soon after, and a modest sign now stands on the church, signifying the pleasure Mr. Brown will take in burying all his friends in the most recherché mode.

As to the Bible question—a society called the "Union Bible Society" was organized among the Baptists, a year or two since, whose aim and end is the translation and circulation of a new and improved version into English of the Scriptures. The Baptists have long had a Society for the circulation of the English Bible, and the translation and circulation of the Scriptures as translated by their Missionaries for the heathen. This old Bible Society had rooms beneath the place of worship spoken of by Mr. Schleimh; from these rooms they have been ejected, and the Union Society put in their place. And, in their zeal, the advocates for a new version have surprised the world by the manner in which they have spoken of our old English Bible—that well-spring of the constitutional liberty of England and the world.

"The big Bible, once our father's pride," as Burns sweetly sings in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," yet still holds its place in the hearts of Christians, in all lands, to whom the English tongue is vernacular.

With these remarks we introduce to the acquaintance of our readers, Peter Schleimh, whose wanderings in this country have been made public in a thick volume, printed by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, in 1848, and who has not been heard of since. We hope THACKERAY, who is soon to be in New York, will add to our many obligations to him, by writing the result of his sight-seeing while among us, in a book to be entitled "THE SNOBS OF THE NEW WORLD."

Letter addressed to a gentleman in New York, dated

POVERTY HOLLOW, SEP. 22, 1852.

MY DEAR C. L. G. Now, that I am once more at home, I find my thoughts going back to the various sights I saw in my travels and my visits at Saratoga, Newport, and New York. The wonderful expansion of your great city is a subject of my daily thoughts. These magnificent residences, the creation of the last few years, seem rather the work of Aladdin and his Lamp, than of common men and common mortar. There they stand, in their stateries, the sure signs of the great wealth of the city, and the embodiment of the country's prosperity—the homes of wise men whose wealth is the result of their wisdom, in spite of the proverb of Sancho Panza, which it would not be courteous in me to quote. Yet who will question a proverb I will make, as being about as hearty, whose words are weighty, whose laugh is a clasp of iron, and whose eye is a flash of lightning. I leave it to those who choose to say bitter things about money, and if I was a dunghill cock, I might prefer a kernel of corn to a diamond; but, as I am not, I shall not be

guilty of the folly of talking lightly of dollars. They are very necessary in the world, made as it is, and I rejoice to know that there are some who regard the wealth with which they are entrusted and endowed as the means of advancing the cause of God and Truth, at home and abroad; and such merit all the consideration they receive.

There was one little matter which, by frequent recurrence, fixed my attention, and made a strong impression upon my memory, and about which I have had sundry cogitations lately, and which I have determined to send to you for such explanation as may be in your power to give. It was the costly and heavy ornaments set over the entrances to the palaces of the Fifth Avenue, and the palaces in store over the doors, bearing the strange and unusual insignia of the bar or bend sinister!

And this brought to my recollection the hatching, with the bend sinister thereon, I saw some seven years since affixed to Grace Church, then just opened, in memory of a Mr. John Brown, an English Unitarian, and a Jew-opener of that splendid church. He was a most amiable person, though unfortunate in his birth, and very discriminating after the manner of a Falstaff in scintillating Prince Hal; so Mr. Brown knew by instinct how to rank men at sight, and he won my heart completely, for he doubtless felt as we do, that the first time I presented myself to his consideration, and put me in a pew high up in the broad aisle of that famous "light-house of the world," to use Mr. John Quincy Adams's famous phrase. Now, by a surprising coincidence, as I was riding down in an omnibus, after taking a walk to the city, I saw a lady, who had been appointed by the Governor, under an act of the late Legislature. These professors are to hold conventions of schools in all the towns of their respective counties, which conventions will be, at least, the commencement of "INDUSTRIAL DEPOSITORIES," leading to "SCIENTIFIC DEPOSITORIES," and "CRISTAL PALACES" to aid in rendering more transparent and brilliant the "GRAND CRISTAL PALACE" proposed by Senator Geyer, at the heart of our nation. A seating party, thus constituted, would be rendered more resplendent in its radiations by the innumerable multitudes of concentrating rays, collected in constantly increasing numbers and brilliancy from every point of our Union—indeed, from the four quarters of our globe. Such concentration would not be the consolidation, but the diffusion of knowledge; not the despotism, but the "DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE."

Mr. Hale's Visit to the West—General Scott in Cincinnati—The Bible Question in our Public Schools—Seriety of the Party Press—Horticultural Exhibition.

CINCINNATI, October 6, 1852.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The Hon. John P. Hale made a flying visit to this place, and gave two addresses, on Saturday, the 26th of last month; that in the evening, in the large hall of the Cincinnati Institute, was listened to by a crowded audience, composed of men of all parties, and was received with great satisfaction and applause.

I have heard Whigs who were present speak of it with admiration, as a fine specimen of manly, political discussion, free from low personal attacks, and full of high principles, worthy the consideration of intelligent men. It was indeed in fine contrast with the declamations of the people are treated with just now in most of the party gatherings. I do not recollect any Presidential canvass in which the speaking was of so low a grade as in the present one. The course of the candidates of the opposing party—little tales of what Gen. Pierce once did, and what Gen. Scott said—appeals to sectarian or sectional prejudices—no story for the North, another for the South—any clap-trap that may serve to catch a few party votes or native votes—form the staple of the party appeals to the large popular mind.

The course of the candidates of the great question, which is really the only vital one before the country, is carefully avoided, and all sorts of trifling issues brought forward, to amuse the ears of the voters. Mr. Hale's speeches, viewed either as specimens of natural, off-hand oratory, or as candid, argumentative appeals to the sober sense and good will of men, are decidedly the best we have heard here during this canvass.

I am glad to find that Mr. Hale has been addressing the people at other places in this State and New York, and regret that he could not have made a longer stay here, and given more of his time to canvassing this State. There is every indication that the friends of freedom are awake, and that a highly encouraging vote will be polled in the West for our candidates. We stop not to ask whether it will equal the vote of 1848; but I am inclined to believe that, notwithstanding the defeat of the New York Van Buren unit, it will reach nearly or quite the vote of that year. Many will vote our ticket for the first time at the Presidential election, and the vote for Mr. Hale will be larger than that cast for our State tickets.

General Scott was received here yesterday afternoon with some enthusiasm by a large concourse of people, which thronged the streets all the way from the landing to the Burnet House. The military were not out, except one small company, most of the companies here being composed of Germans, whose Democratic sympathies prevent them from joining in any demonstration of respect to the General, as the reception would be viewed as a party affair, and used as capital by the Whigs. On his way up, the General stopped at North Bend, and dined with Mr. Harrison. He has been received in Kentucky with all the respect due a man of his rank and position, and in his favor, but though he has been careful in his addresses to avoid political topics, the Whig papers, I see, take all the demonstrations in his favor as evidences of his popularity. His political friends, it is evident, are glad to see him here, as his tour may be made the means of striking some enthusiasm in his favor.

General Wool, who arrived here a day or two previous, addressed a Democratic meeting on Monday night. His speech is well spoken of for its good sense by all parties.

The question of the use of the Bible in our public schools has been attracting much interest in our community for some weeks past, owing to an effort on the part of the Roman Catholic members of the School Board to get the Douai version introduced into the schools for all children whose parents may desire it. A series of resolutions on the subject was introduced some weeks since, and referred to a committee, by whom a majority and a minority report was made—the former strongly opposing the latter advocating the resolutions. The matter came up for a final decision last Friday evening; and after a long discussion, and several attempts to amend, the resolutions were rejected by a small majority. A resolution was then proposed, dispensing altogether with the Bible in the schools. It was promptly rejected by a large majority, but served to indicate the real intentions of the movers in this matter. This was to get the common version entirely excluded from the schools. But as it was hopeless to accomplish this directly, the plan was to get the Douai version in along with it, or to create an excitement and discussion that would result in excluding the Bible in every form from the schools, by way of compromise.

It is a significant fact, that in not one of the Roman Catholic schools in this city is their own Bible used. They do not desire their own people to read it, and their anxiety to give their children a correct version in the public schools is all sheer pretence.

The party press in this city, fearful of offending Roman Catholic voters, have cautiously refrained from taking any decided stand upon this subject, or admitting any discussion of it in their columns. The Daily Times alone came out editorially in spirited opposition to the scheme of the Romanists, and allowed a free and full discussion, pro and con, in its columns. The Times, indeed, merits the praise bestowed upon it lately in the Era, as an independent press. Upon all the various questions

articles on the developments of science. A gentleman of large intelligence, acquainted with the great extent and deep interest with which such articles are read, remarked a day or two since: "If that class of subjects should be continued, extended, and furnished under the most favorable circumstances for general reading, they would become as popular as the 'Waverley novels'."

In liberal policy and measures for the diffusion of knowledge, Ohio is, perhaps, the banner State; Stark, the banner county; and Marietta, the "BANKER VILLAGE" of the Union. The citizens of this little village have, within a year past, taxed themselves more than two cents on a dollar for all their property, to provide buildings and teachers for their school; several adding voluntary subscriptions to make up a deficiency. At a late convention of schools in the county, some eight miles distant from that village, of five hundred inhabitants, the company reporting themselves as the friends of the school also numbered five hundred. To supply the deficiency of carriages for conveyance, several temporary and appropriate vehicles were prepared for the occasion. One reason assigned by the villagers for their liberality in scientific matters is that they are taxed with no liquor bills, as no opportunity for making such bills can be had in the vicinity, and any one disposed to lay such taxes on his neighbors would be under the necessity of going to another place. The convention, of which the Marietta school formed a part, numbered five thousand; one school, from the distance of fifty miles, from another county.

In Maine, thirteen scientific lectures, one for each county in the State, have recently been appointed by the Governor, under an act of the late Legislature. These professors are to hold conventions of schools in all the towns of their respective counties, which conventions will be, at least, the commencement of "INDUSTRIAL DEPOSITORIES," leading to "SCIENTIFIC DEPOSITORIES," and "CRISTAL PALACES" to aid in rendering more transparent and brilliant the "GRAND CRISTAL PALACE" proposed by Senator Geyer, at the heart of our nation.

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To the Editor of the National Era:

The Hon. John P. Hale made a flying visit to this place, and gave two addresses, on Saturday, the 26th of last month; that in the evening, in the large hall of the Cincinnati Institute, was listened to by a crowded audience, composed of men of all parties, and was received with great satisfaction and applause.

I have heard Whigs who were present speak of it with admiration, as a fine specimen of manly, political discussion, free from low personal attacks, and full of high principles, worthy the consideration of intelligent men. It was indeed in fine contrast with the declamations of the people are treated with just now in most of the party gatherings. I do not recollect any Presidential canvass in which the speaking was of so low a grade as in the present one. The course of the candidates of the opposing party—little tales of what Gen. Pierce once did, and what Gen. Scott said—appeals to sectarian or sectional prejudices—no story for the North, another for the South—any clap-trap that may serve to catch a few party votes or native votes—form the staple of the party appeals to the large popular mind.

The course of the candidates of the great question, which is really the only vital one before the country, is carefully avoided, and all sorts of trifling issues brought forward, to amuse the ears of the voters. Mr. Hale's speeches, viewed either as specimens of natural, off-hand oratory, or as candid, argumentative appeals to the sober sense and good will of men, are decidedly the best we have heard here during this canvass.

I am glad to find that Mr. Hale has been addressing the people at other places in this State and New York, and regret that he could not have made a longer stay here, and given more of his time to canvassing this State. There is every indication that the friends of freedom are awake, and that a highly encouraging vote will be polled in the West for our candidates. We stop not to ask whether it will equal the vote of 1848; but I am inclined to believe that, notwithstanding the defeat of the New York Van Buren unit, it will reach nearly or quite the vote of that year. Many will vote our ticket for the first time at the Presidential election, and the vote for Mr. Hale will be larger than that cast for our State tickets.

General Scott was received here yesterday afternoon with some enthusiasm by a large concourse of people, which thronged the streets all the way from the landing to the Burnet House. The military were not out, except one small company, most of the companies here being composed of Germans, whose Democratic sympathies prevent them from joining in any demonstration of respect to the General, as the reception would be viewed as a party affair, and used as capital by the Whigs. On his way up, the General stopped at North Bend, and dined with Mr. Harrison. He has been received in Kentucky with all the respect due a man of his rank and position, and in his favor, but though he has been careful in his addresses to avoid political topics, the Whig papers, I see, take all the demonstrations in his favor as evidences of his popularity. His political friends, it is evident, are glad to see him here, as his tour may be made the means of striking some enthusiasm in his favor.

General Wool, who arrived here a day or two previous, addressed a Democratic meeting on Monday night. His speech is well spoken of for its good sense by all parties.

The question of the use of the Bible in our public schools has been attracting much interest in our community for some weeks past, owing to an effort on the part of the Roman Catholic members of the School Board to get the Douai version introduced into the schools for all children whose parents may desire it. A series of resolutions on the subject was introduced some weeks since, and referred to a committee, by whom a majority and a minority report was made—the former strongly opposing the latter advocating the resolutions. The matter came up for a final decision last Friday evening; and after a long discussion, and several attempts to amend, the resolutions were rejected by a small majority. A resolution was then proposed, dispensing altogether with the Bible in the schools. It was promptly rejected by a large majority, but served to indicate the real intentions of the movers in this matter. This was to get the common version entirely excluded from the schools. But as it was hopeless to accomplish this directly, the plan was to get the Douai version in along with it, or to create an excitement and discussion that would result in excluding the Bible